

INSIDE: BIG TROUBLE ON THE HIGH FRONTIER!

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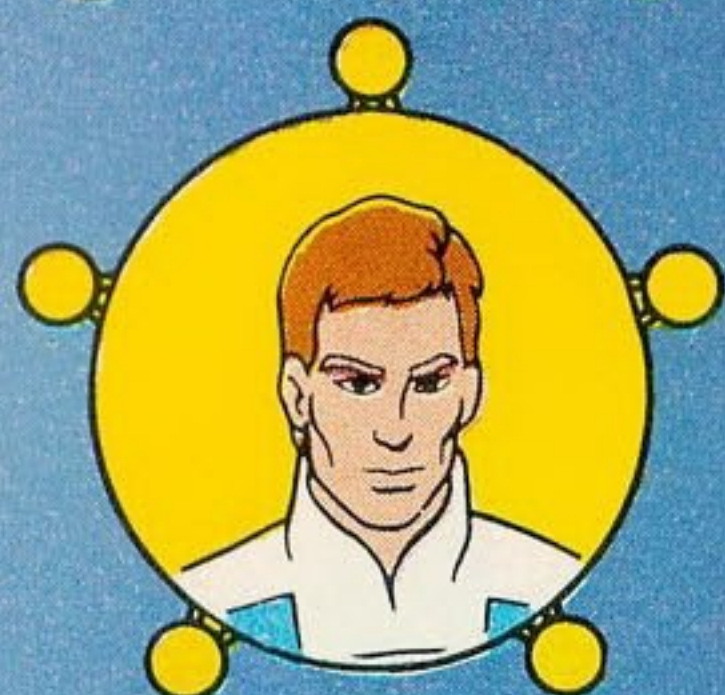
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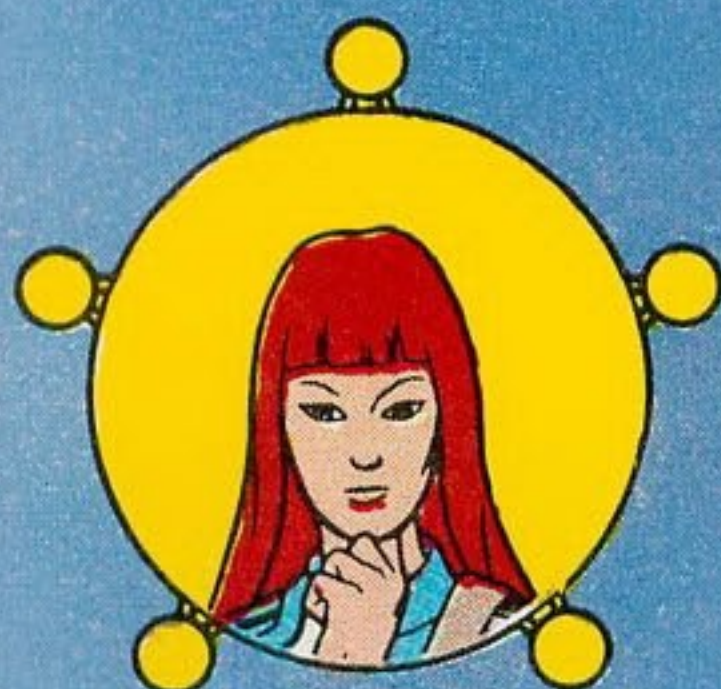
ADVENTURES
OF THE

GALAXY RANGERS





Zachery Foxx



Niko



Doc Hartford



Shane Gooseman

BETA BULLETINS

Get ready for explosive action this issue as 21st century hardware clashes with prehistoric fury in the storm-wracked twilight of the **BADLANDS**! Prepare for non-stop excitement in this, the fabulous third issue of **GALAXY RANGERS**, as our heroes ride into danger to save a stranded team of **BETA** archaeologists who are trapped by ferocious alien tribesmen! The location for this mayhem is the wild planet Ventrux, a world described in the *CONCISE BETA ARCHIVES* as "a most hostile and barbarous environment where the most extreme care is recommended" and which most other people call "the meanest, baddest place there could possibly be." So join us for what promises to be not only the Rangers greatest adventure, but also possibly their last!

Super-powered by the amazing *Series Five Cybernetic Implants*, the four **Galaxy Rangers** are the sworn peacekeepers of the High Frontier that separates Earth and her neighbours from a wider, wilder Universe beyond. Working for **BETA**, *Earth's Bureau of Extra Terrestrial Affairs*, *Foxx*, *Niko*, *Doc* and *Goose* are dedicated to battling the evils of the galaxy with the force of justice!

This issue also sees the **SILVERHAWKS** get their first taste of real action, as they leave Earth and head for the Limbo Galaxy to do battle with the terrible **Mon☆star**!

After all that you'll probably be more than ready to stop off at Duffy's Place for a relaxing drop of draught Bug Juice and a friendly chat with some of the regulars. Maybe they'll help you get your breath back in time for all the action and suspense of issue four!

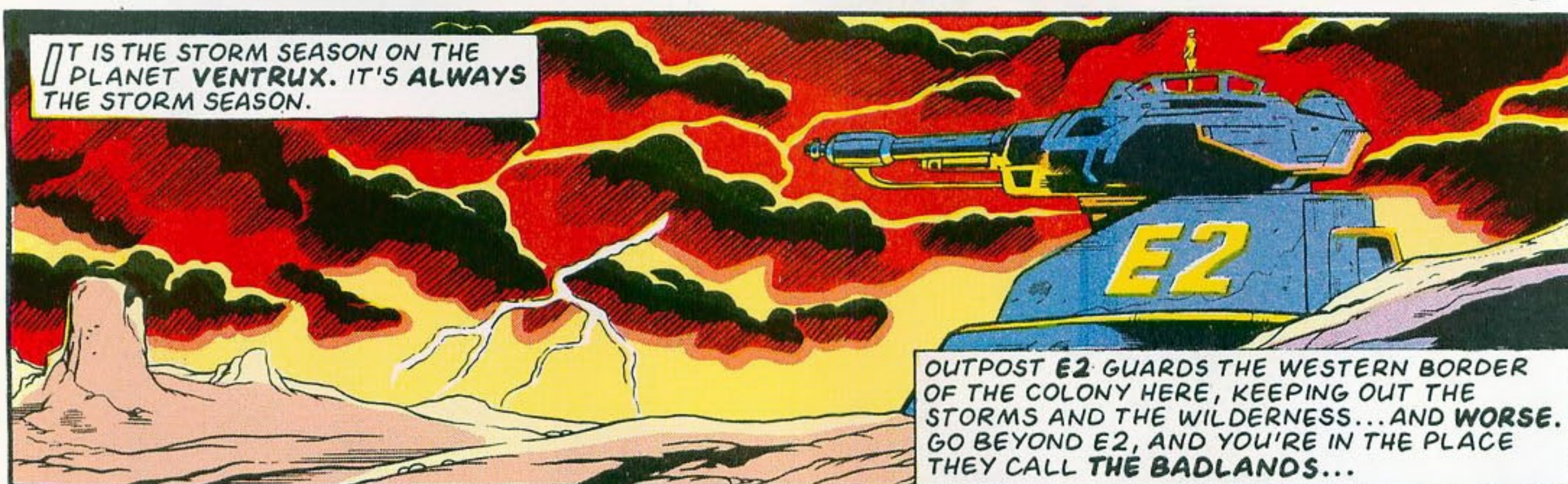
BADLANDS	3
RANGERS RECORDS: DOC HARTFORD	15
SILVERHAWKS: HAWKHAVEN!	16
TALL TALES FROM DUFFY'S PLACE	23

Cover by **Kev Hopgood** (art) and **Steve White** (colour).
Editor **Dan Abnett**

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GALAXY RANGERS

IT IS THE STORM SEASON ON THE PLANET VENTRUX. IT'S ALWAYS THE STORM SEASON.



OUTPOST E2 GUARDS THE WESTERN BORDER OF THE COLONY HERE, KEEPING OUT THE STORMS AND THE WILDERNESS...AND WORSE. GO BEYOND E2, AND YOU'RE IN THE PLACE THEY CALL THE BADLANDS...

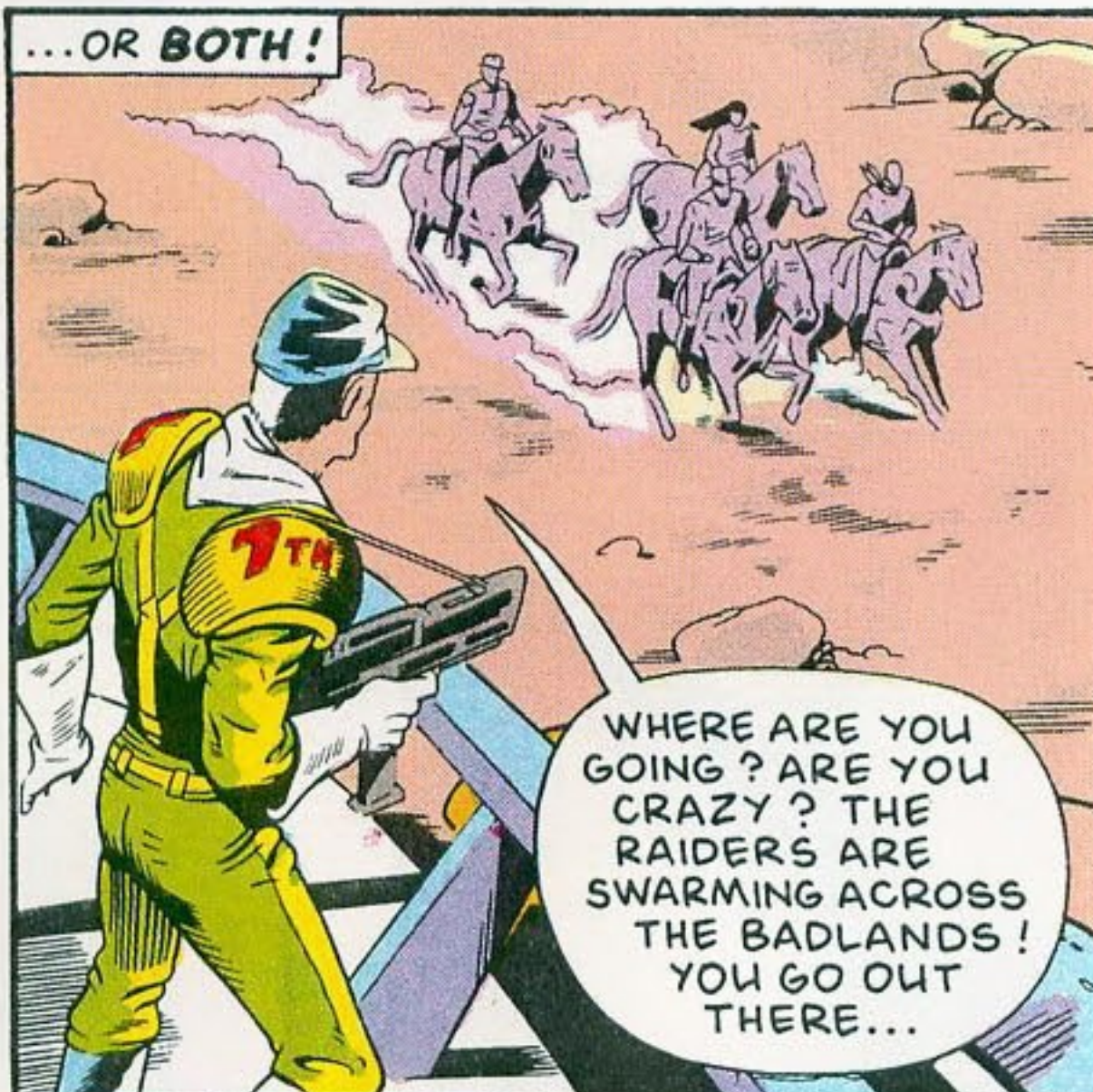
YOU'D HAVE TO BE MAD TO GO THERE...



...MAD OR VERY BRAVE...



...OR BOTH!



...AND THEY'LL BE AFTER YOUR BLOOD!

WE'LL BE CAREFUL THEN.



BADLANDS!

Story Dan Abnett Art Kev Hopgood and Simon Colby lettering Mark King Colour Paul Jacques

WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST, **RANGERS!** THE **BETA*** ARCHAEOLOGICAL TEAM OUT IN THE BADLANDS SAID THEY WERE IN BIG TROUBLE!

*BUREAU OF EXTRA TERRESTRIAL AFFAIRS.

THAT'S AN UNDERSTATEMENT, **COMMANDER FOXX!** I CALL BEING UNDER ATTACK FROM MARAUDING NATIVE TRIBESMEN DURING A HURRICANE MORE THAN BIG TROUBLE!

RIGHT, **GOOSE.** THIS DAMNED STORM MAKES FLYING IMPOSSIBLE. I DON'T LIKE RIDING INTO A PLACE LIKE THIS, BUT WE'VE NO CHOICE!

IT REALLY COULDN'T GET ANY WORSE, COULD IT, **NIKO?**

SHHH, **DOC!** I'VE GOT A NASTY FEELING WE'RE BEING WATCHED...

IT'S WORSE!

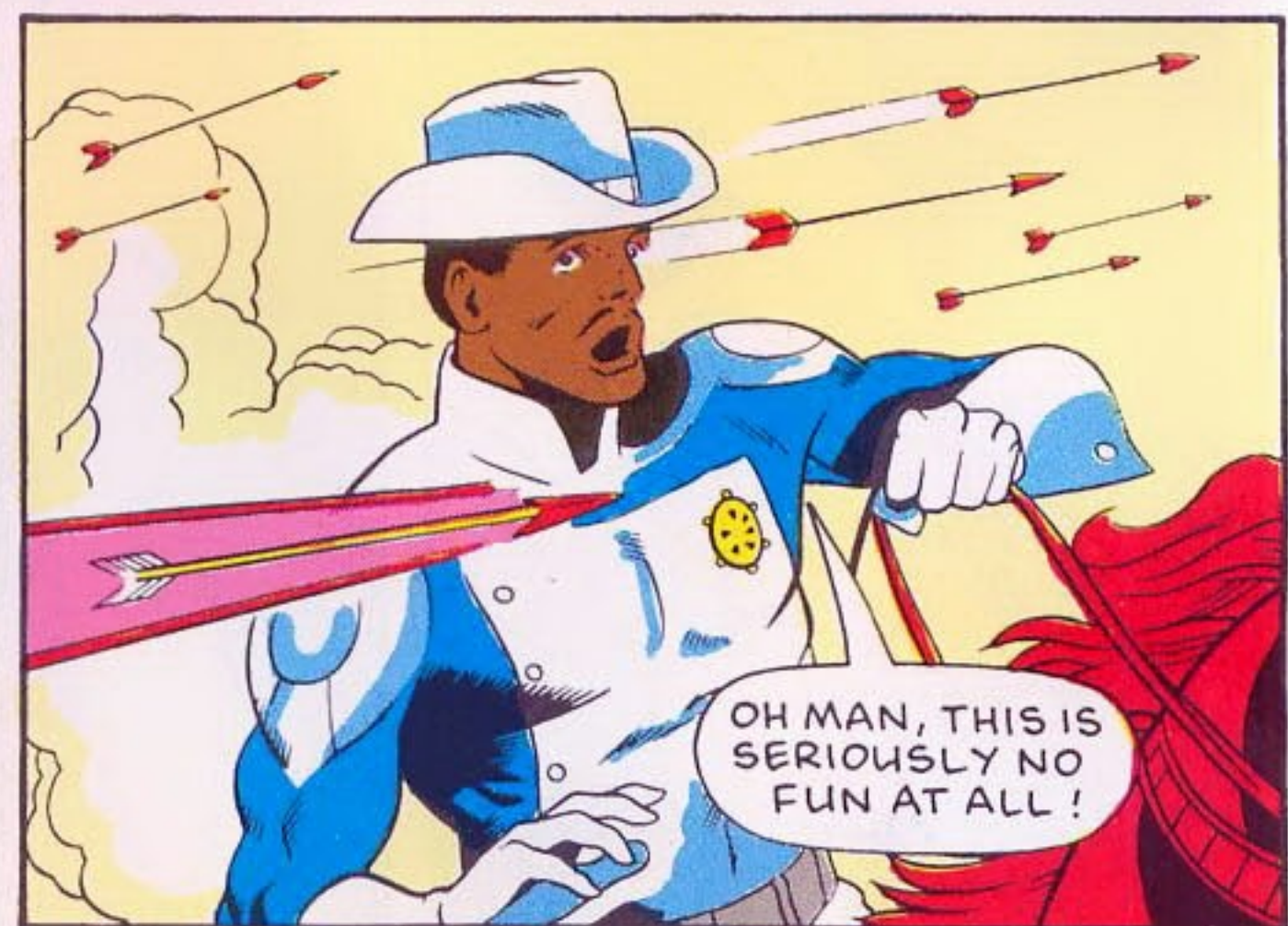
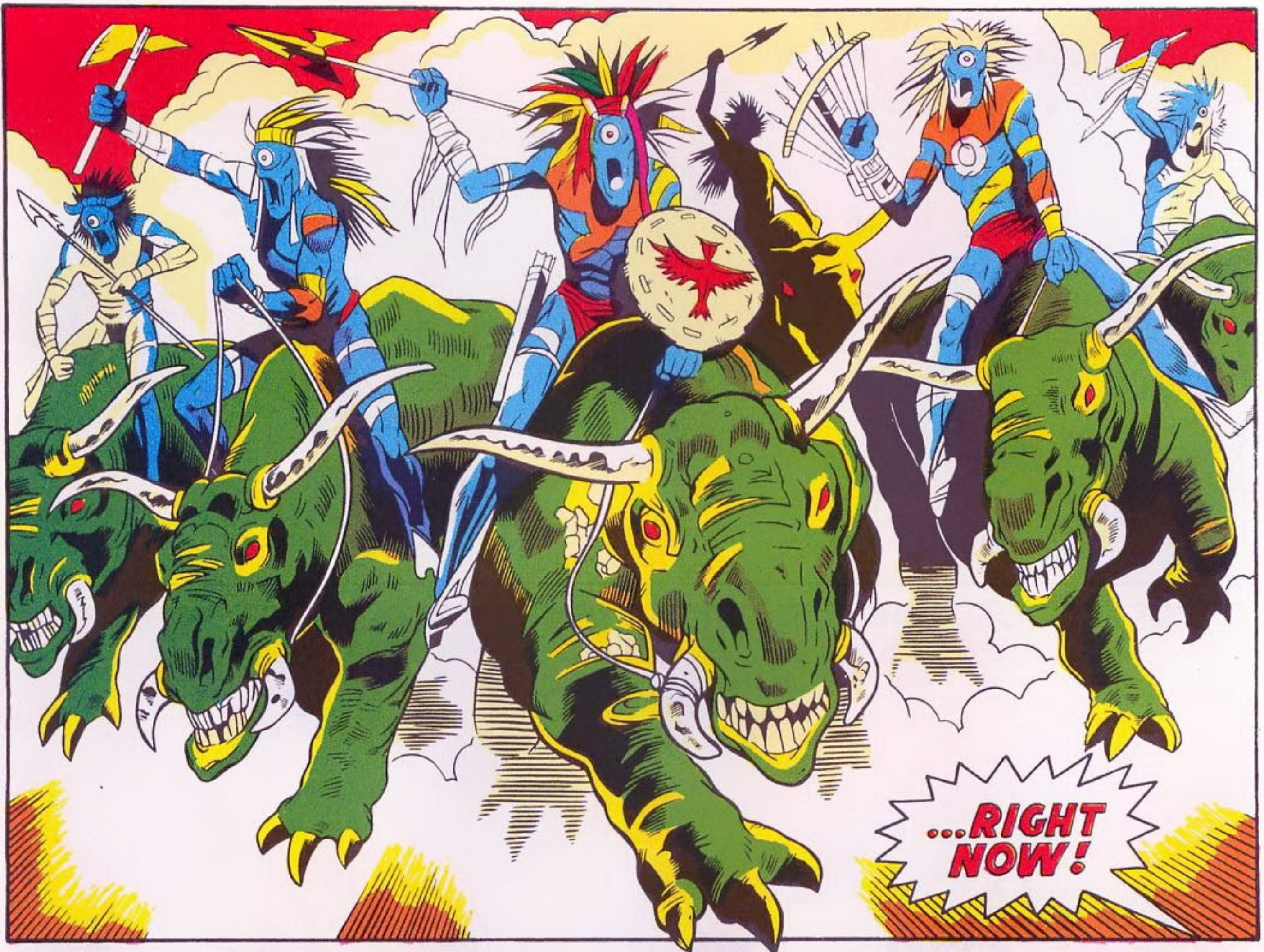
WHOA! REIN UP, TEAM! **NIKO,** RUN A NAVIGATION SCAN.

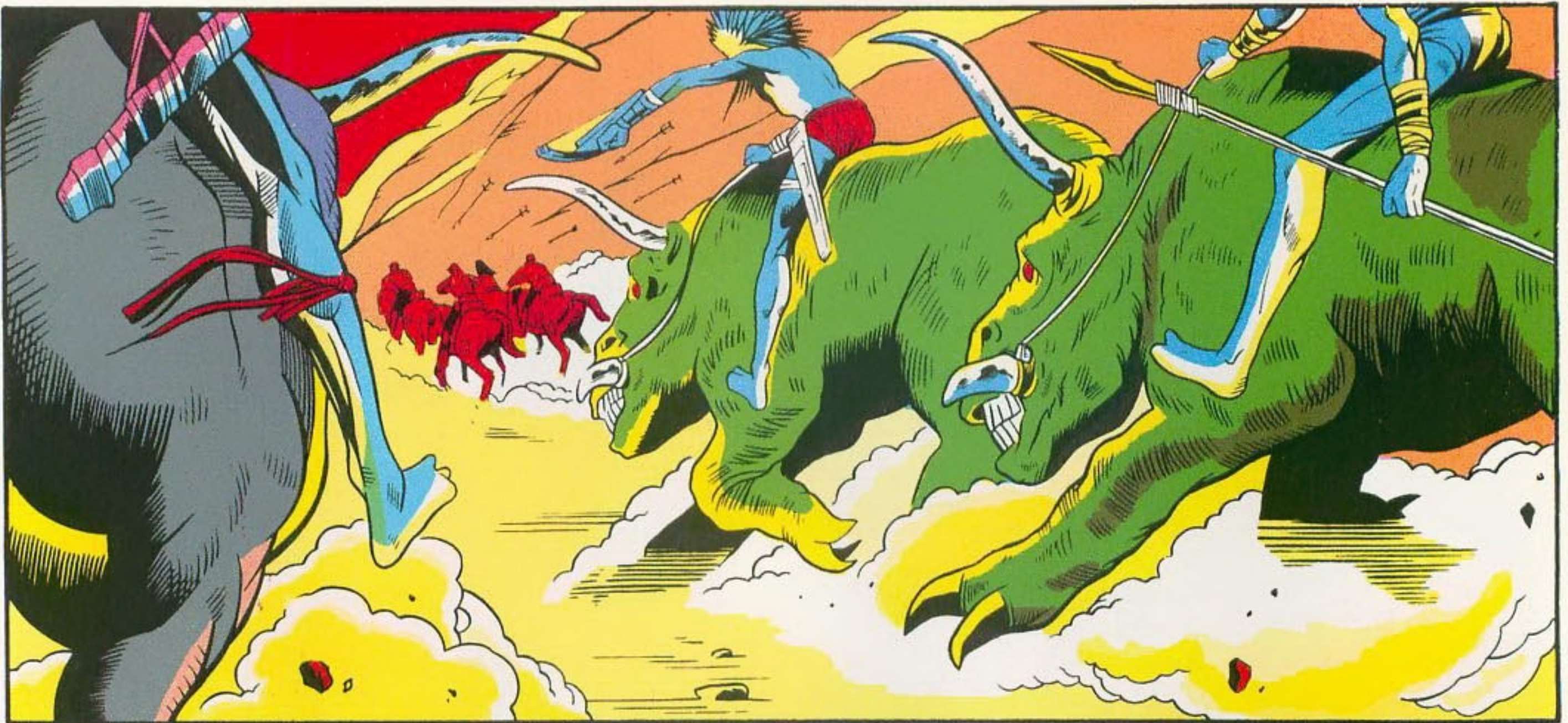
THE SCANNERS SAY THE DISTRESS BEACON IS LOCATED ABOUT FOUR KILOMETRES TO OUR WEST.

RIGHT! LET'S GO GET THIS MESS SORTED OUT ONCE AND...EH?

ZACHERY!

I SUGGEST WE ALL START RIDING...



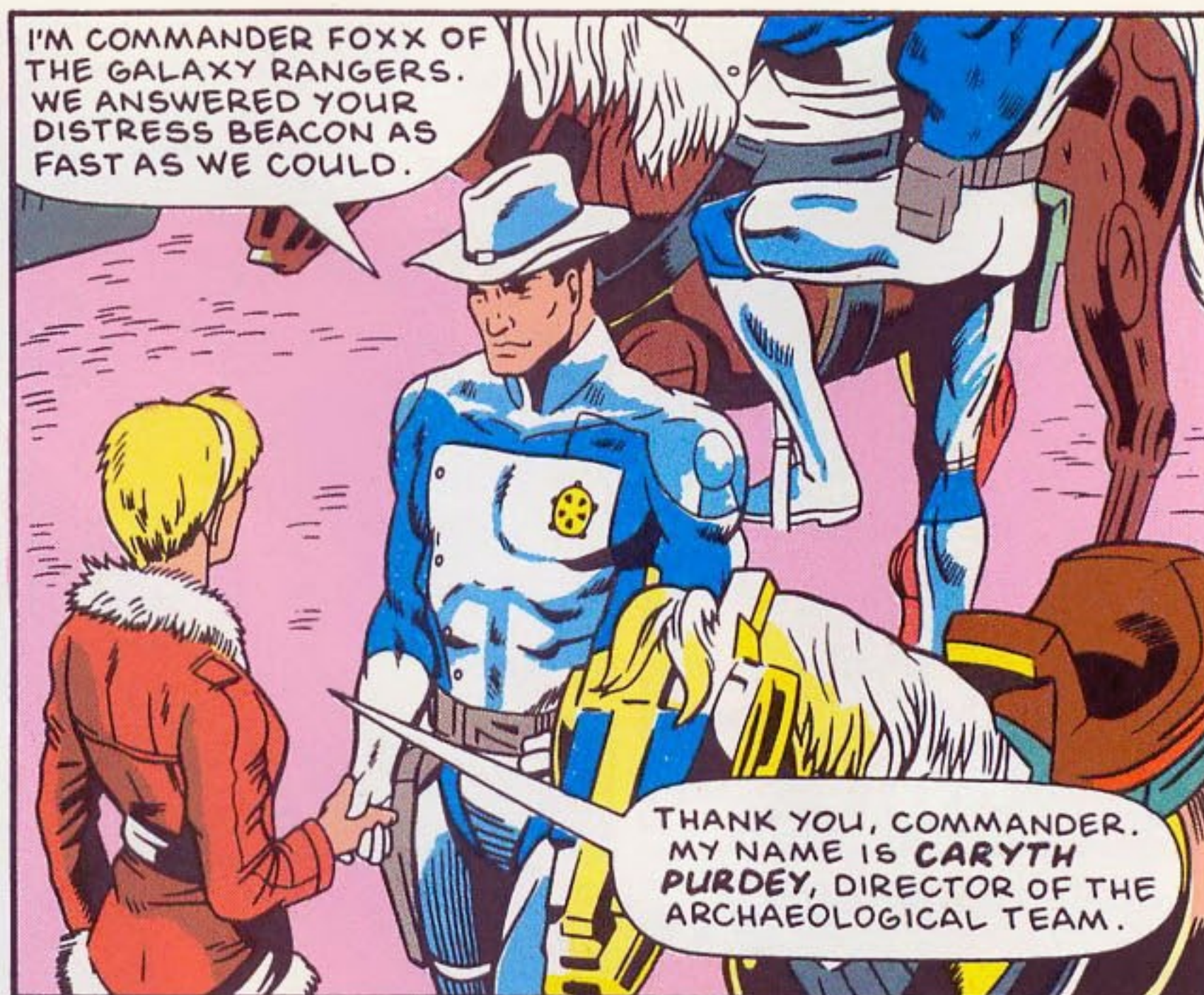






GOOSE...
CAN
YOU - ?

STAND GUARD AT THE
CANYON MOUTH? WAY
AHEAD OF YOU,
ZACHERY, I'M ON IT!



I'M COMMANDER FOXX OF
THE GALAXY RANGERS.
WE ANSWERED YOUR
DISTRESS BEACON AS
FAST AS WE COULD.

THANK YOU, COMMANDER.
MY NAME IS **CARYTH**
PURDEY, DIRECTOR OF THE
ARCHAEOLOGICAL TEAM.



WE'VE BEEN EXCAVATING THIS
SITE FOR ABOUT TWO MONTHS,
BUT NATIVE ATTACKS HAVE
MADE IT ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE
TO CONTINUE WITH OUR WORK.

WHAT IS THIS
THING, CARYTH?



AN ALIEN ARTIFACT MADE OF
UNUSUAL ALLOYS. WE KNOW
VERY LITTLE ABOUT IT, I'M
AFRAID, EXCEPT THAT IT'S
VERY OLD AND NOT FROM
THIS WORLD!



THE TERRIBLE
FEELINGS...
THEY'RE COMING
FROM THIS
STRUCTURE...

...PERHAPS I CAN
FIND OUT MORE!



WHAT DOES
SHE MEAN,
COMMANDER?

I SUGGEST WE
FOLLOW HER
AND FIND OUT!

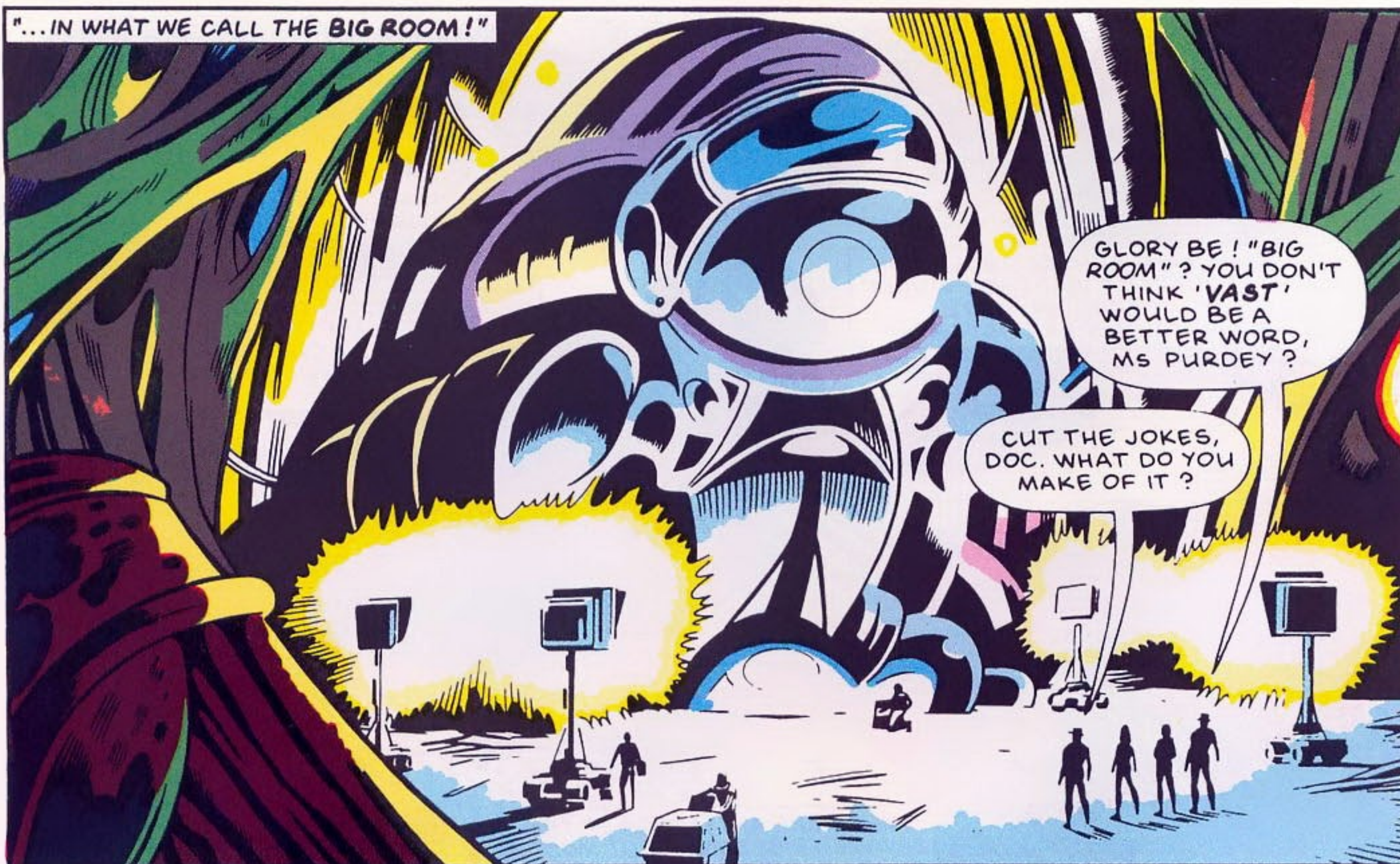


INSIDE THE STRUCTURE...

DESPITE ITS AGE, I SENSE
THERE IS SOME POWER
SOURCE STILL FUNCTIONING
HERE, ZACHERY.

YOUR TEAM-MATE IS
CORRECT, COMMANDER.
THE OPERATIVE SYSTEM
IS THROUGH HERE...

"...IN WHAT WE CALL THE BIG ROOM!"



GLORY BE! "BIG ROOM"? YOU DON'T THINK 'VAST' WOULD BE A BETTER WORD, MS PURDEY?

CUT THE JOKES, DOC. WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?



HMMM... SENSORY DISHES... LIGHT ARRAYS PULSING IN GEOMETRIC CONFIGURATIONS... IT LOOKS LIKE THE GRANDDADDY OF ALL ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCES!

INTELLIGENCE? LIKE IT'S ALIVE?



LET ME SEE...

BE CAREFUL!



NIKO KNOWS WHAT SHE'S DOING, CARYTH.

NIKO REACHES OUT TO TOUCH THE FLICKERING LIGHTS...



...AND ACTIVATES THE CHARGE OF THE SERIES FIVE IMPLANT!

AT ONCE, HER TELEPATHIC POWERS SWEEP HER THOUGHTS FAR BACK...

...INTO THE PAST!

"ZACHERY! THIS IS INCREDIBLE! THIS WHOLE STRUCTURE WAS ONCE A VAST STARSHIP THAT CRASHED HERE DURING VENTRUX'S PREHISTORY!"

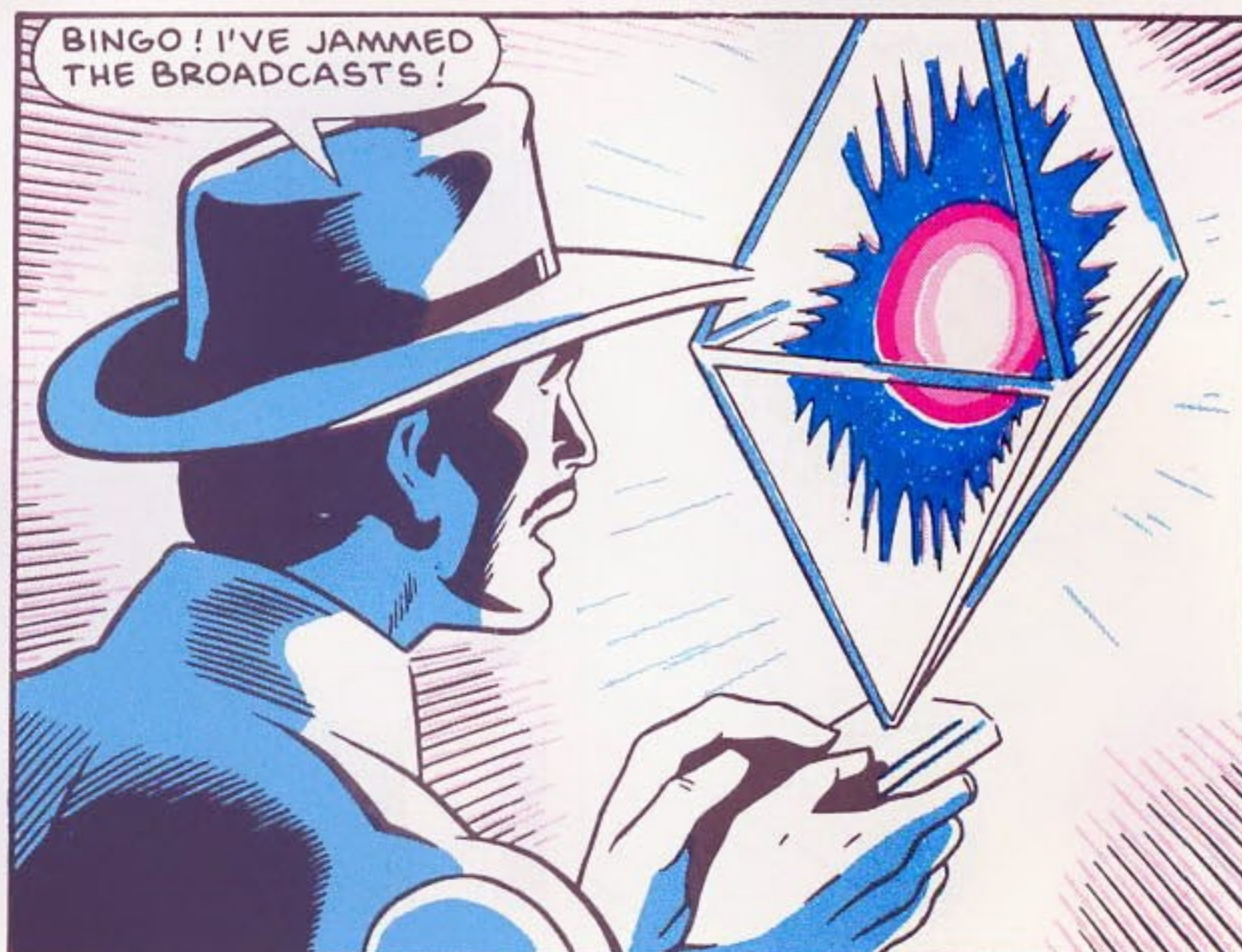
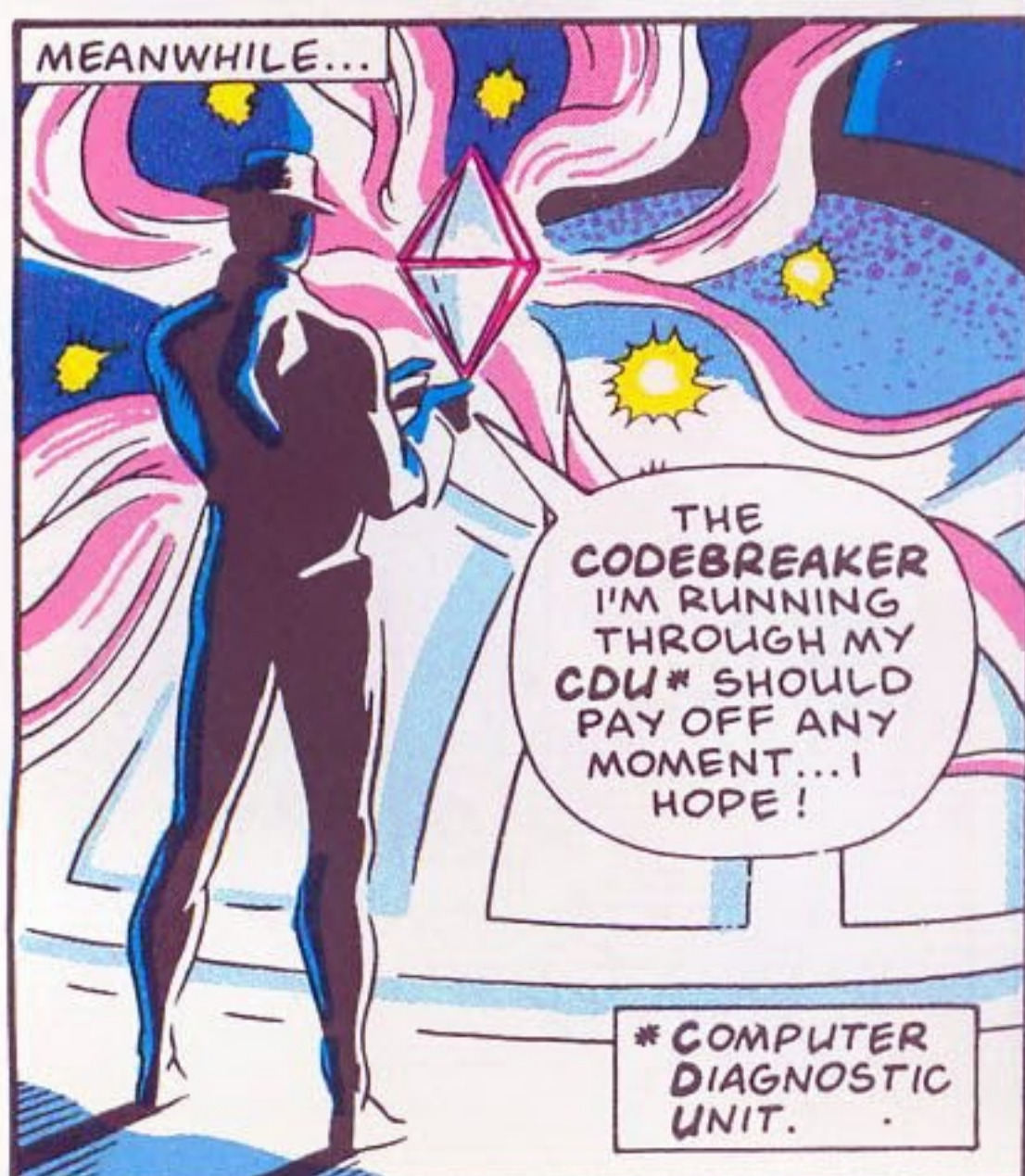
"IT WAS CARRYING CRIMINALS FROM A DISTANT PLANET, SOME OF WHOM SURVIVED AND WERE FORCED TO SCRATCH OUT A LIVING IN THESE HOSTILE LANDS."

"THEY WERE ANCESTORS OF THE SAVAGE TRIBESMEN! BUT MOST AMAZING IS THIS COMPUTER! IT WAS DESIGNED TO BROADCAST SOOTHING EMPATHIC WAVES TO CALM ANY AGGRESSION IN THE CRIMINALS..."

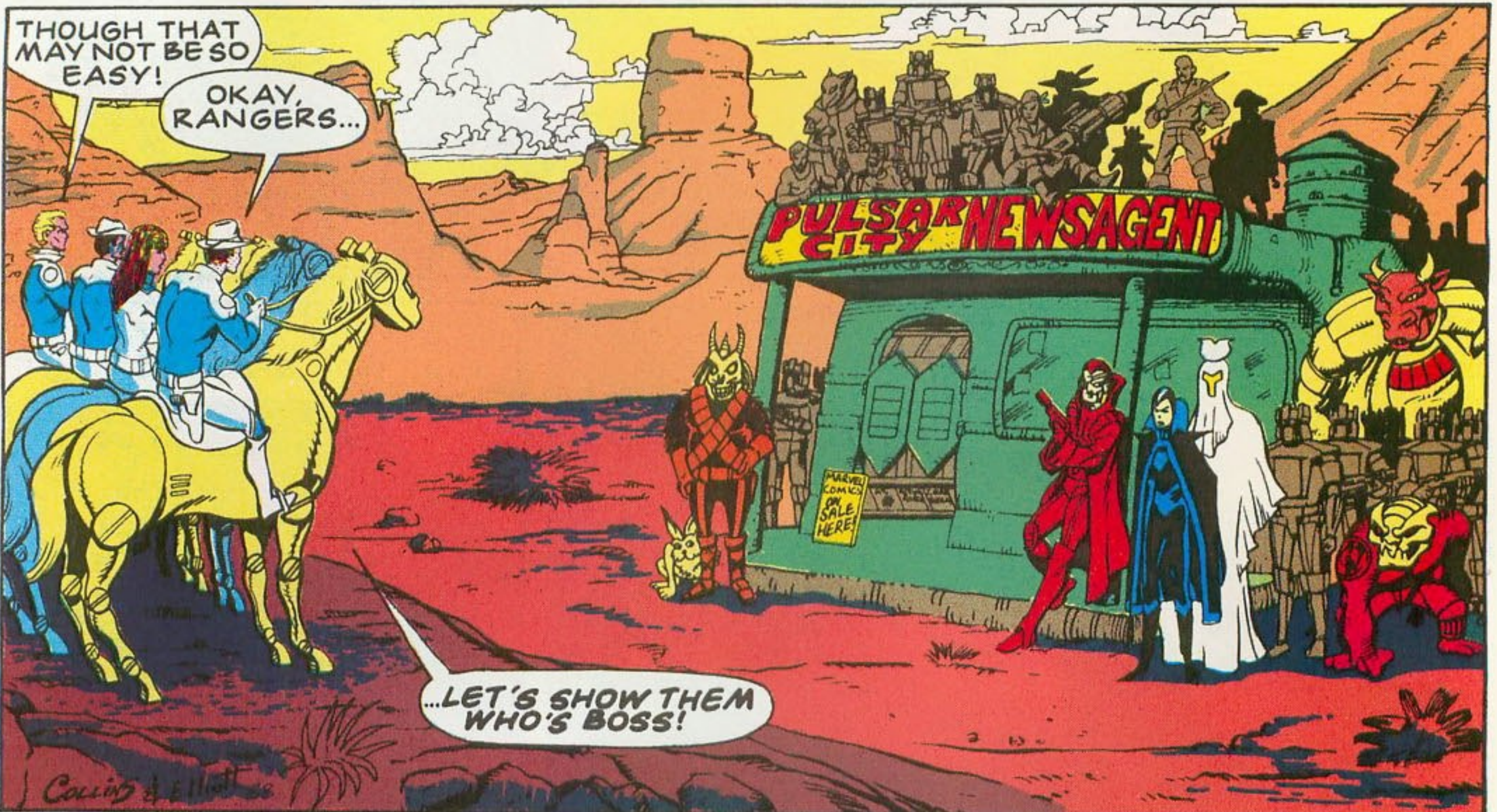
"THE MACHINE WAS DAMAGED IN THE CRASH AND HAS BEEN MALFUNCTIONING FOR CENTURIES... IT'S BROADCASTING NOT SOOTHING CALM..."

"...BUT PURE
HATRED!"









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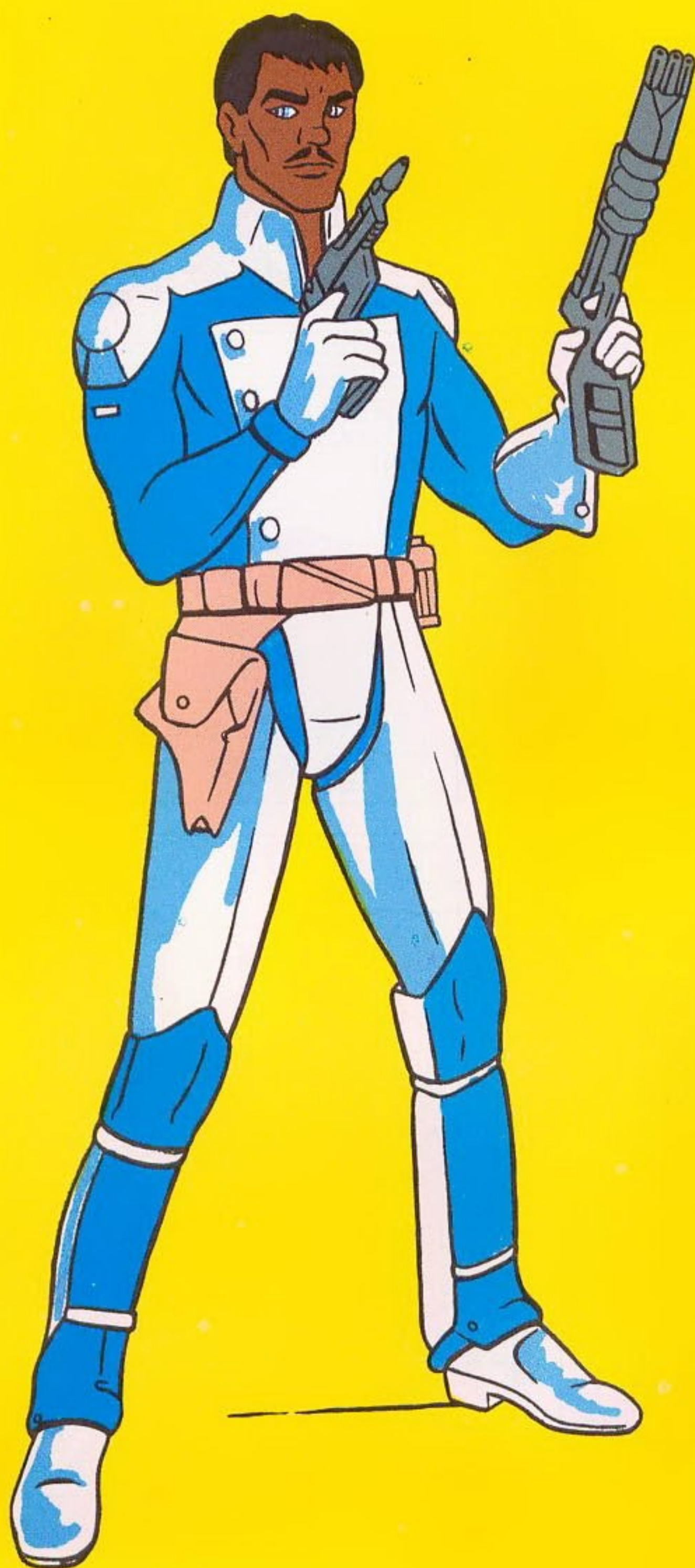
GALAXY RANGERS

24 FULL COLOUR PAGES FORTNIGHTLY FROM MARVEL

WELCOME TO THE HIGH FRONTIER!



RANGERS RECORDS



FILE STATUS: **CLASSIFIED**
SECURITY CODE: **542-1051647 DECIMAL 2**

SUBJECT NAME:
WALTER 'DOC'
HARTFORD

SUBJECT STATUS: **SERIES FIVE IM-
PLANT OPERATIVE/GALAXY RANGER**

SUBJECT AGE **TWENTY-FIVE**

PERSONAL HISTORY:

Hartford was a brilliant medical and computer psychoanalyst building a promising career in the World Federation Medical Corp. Applied for a Series Five implant hoping that it would help him deal more effectively with machines and computers. Commander Joseph Walsh offered the implant to Hartford in exchange for a five year tour of duty with the newly-formed Galaxy Rangers. Hartford accepted the assignment, but seemed totally unaware as to what this commitment involved. He does not like space travel and, initially, gave **BETA** cause for concern by continually avoiding Ranger operations away from Earth. He now seems to have overcome his fears. Hartford considers himself to be of fine breeding and cultured background. He also consistently maintains that the World Federation and **BETA** made a mistake in allowing him to join the Galaxy Rangers. However, beneath this eccentric exterior lies a dedicated and loyal Ranger ready to fight for his fellow team-members.

When a power charge is sent through Hartford's implant, he is able to generate an array of specialised computer programmes through a computer diagnostics unit (**CDU**) that he carries on his utility belt. His programmes include:
Searchlight: to tap into databanks and retrieve information.

Tripwire: to detect and disable alarm sensors.

Firefly: to absorb or divert energy beams.

Lifeline: diagnostic medical program.

Startalker: universal translator/interpreter.

Codebreaker: to decipher alien codes.

Hartford was trained as a computer psychiatrist. He can 'talk' most computer systems into processing data at amazing speeds.

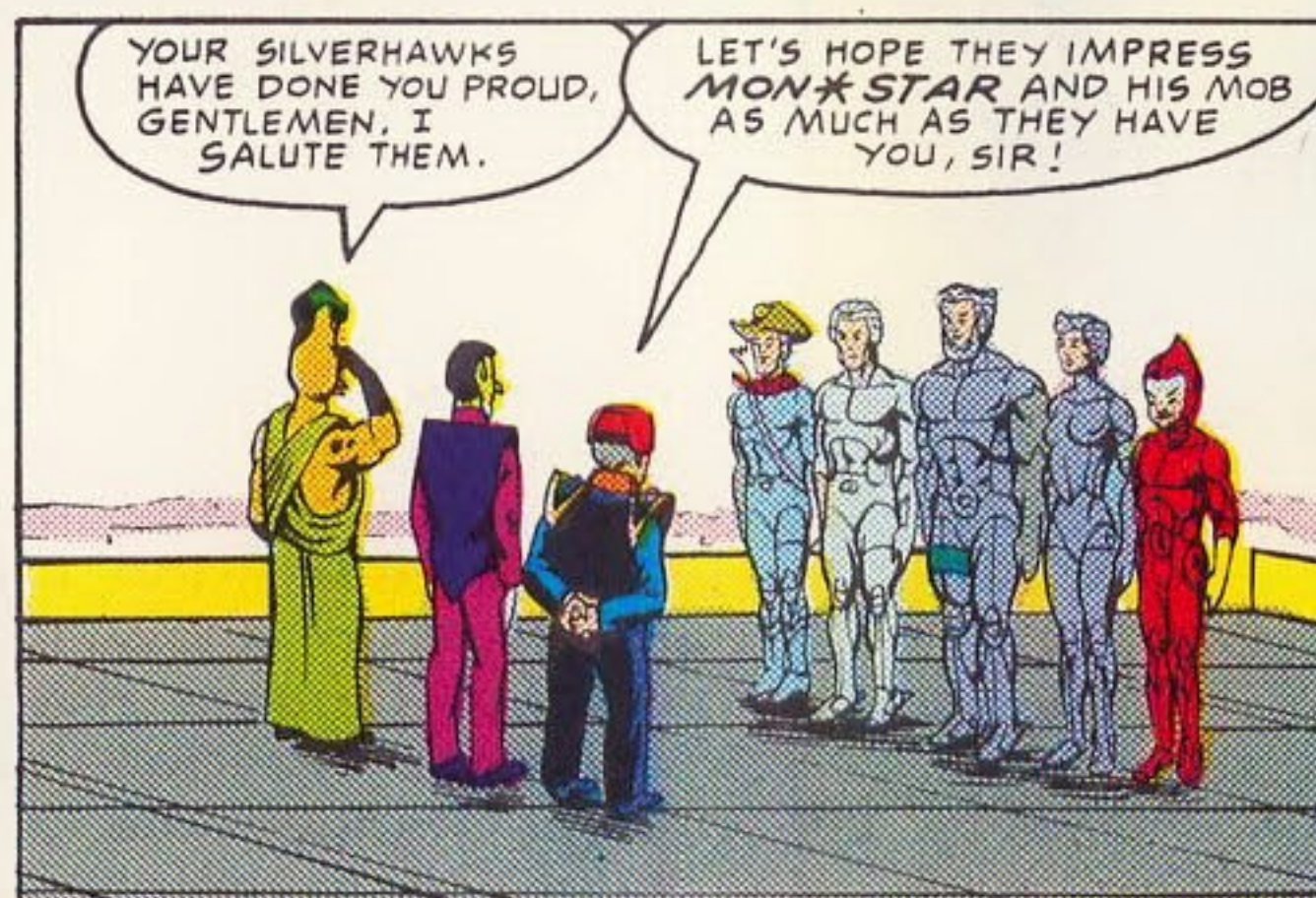
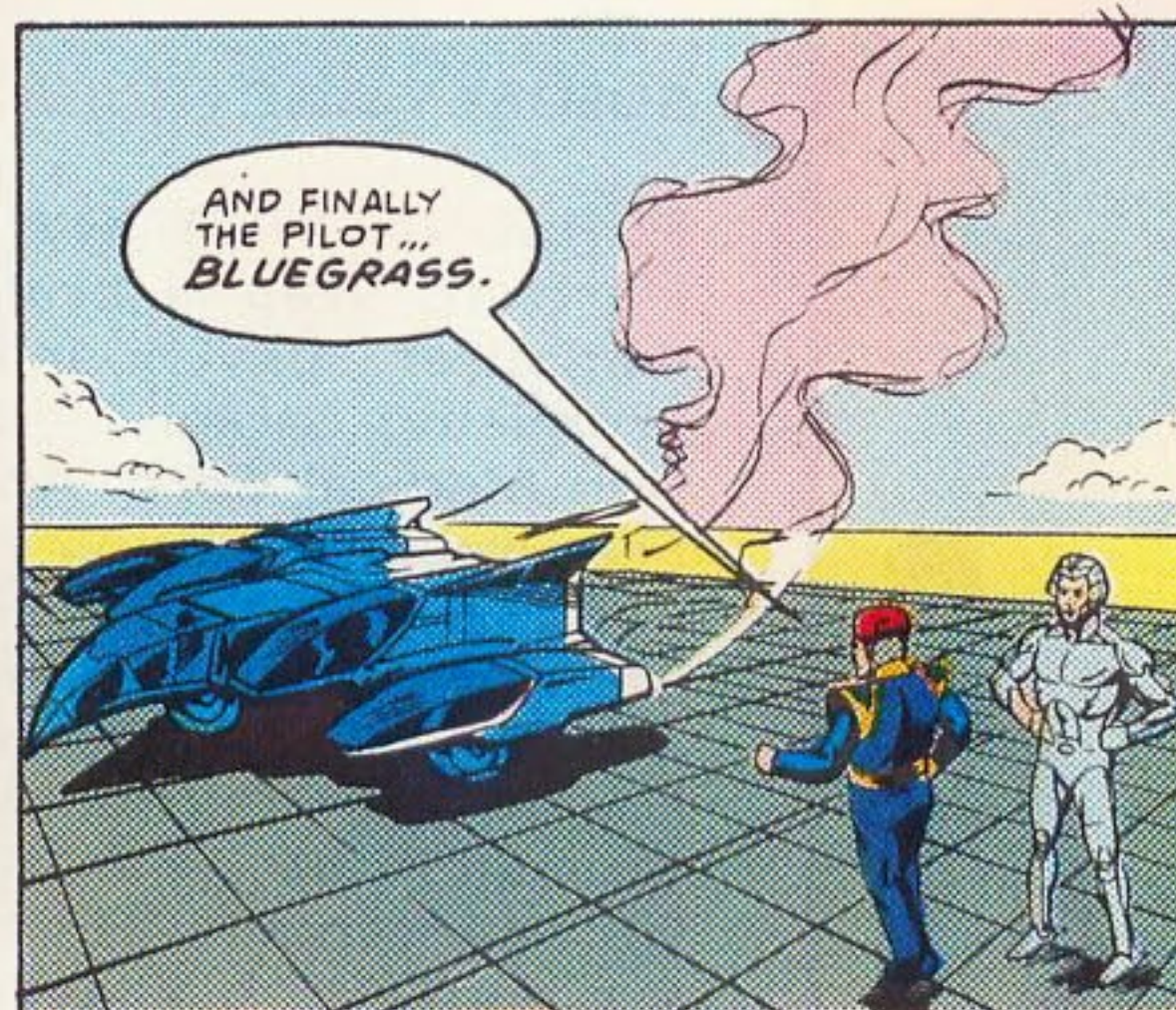


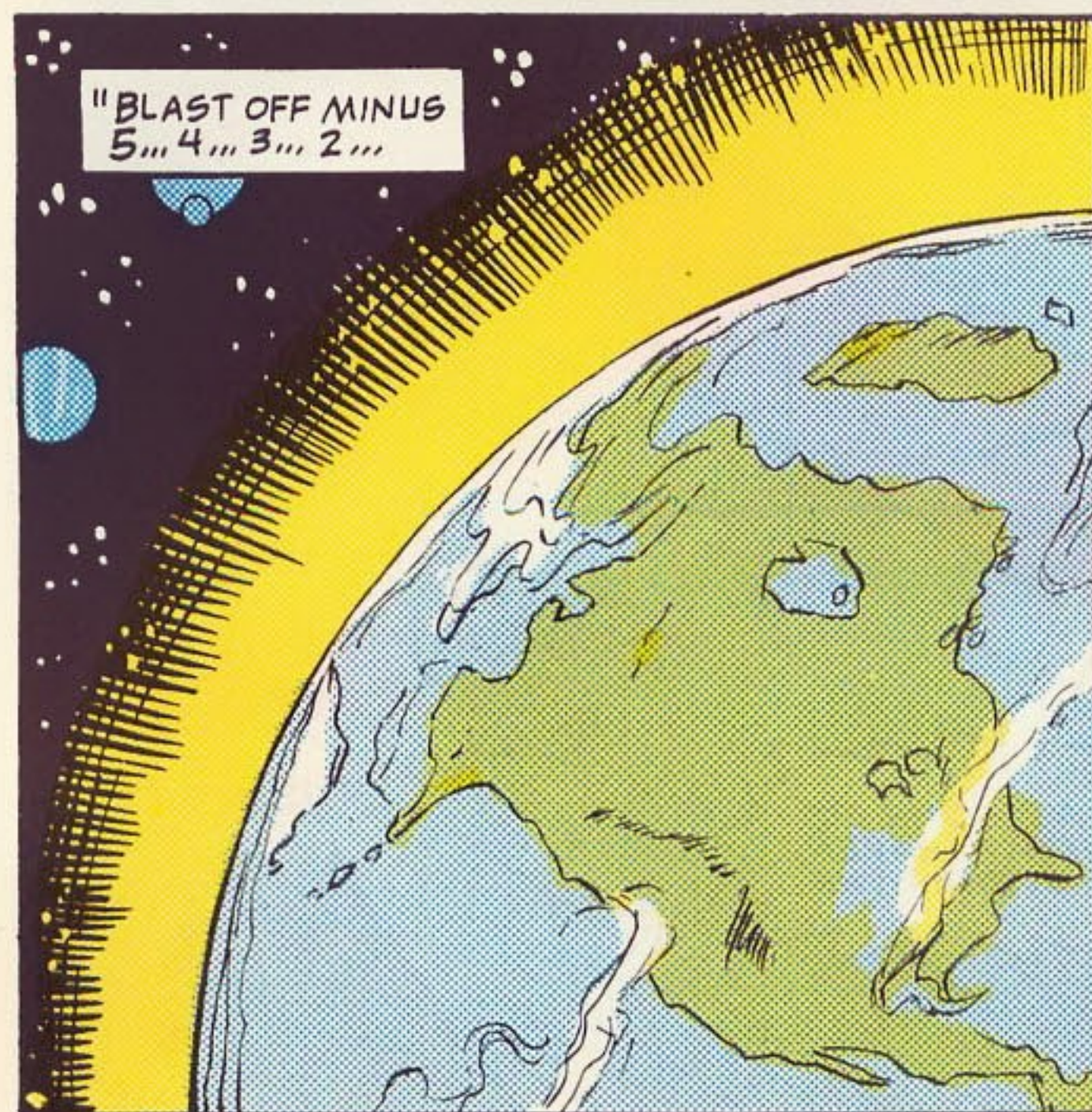
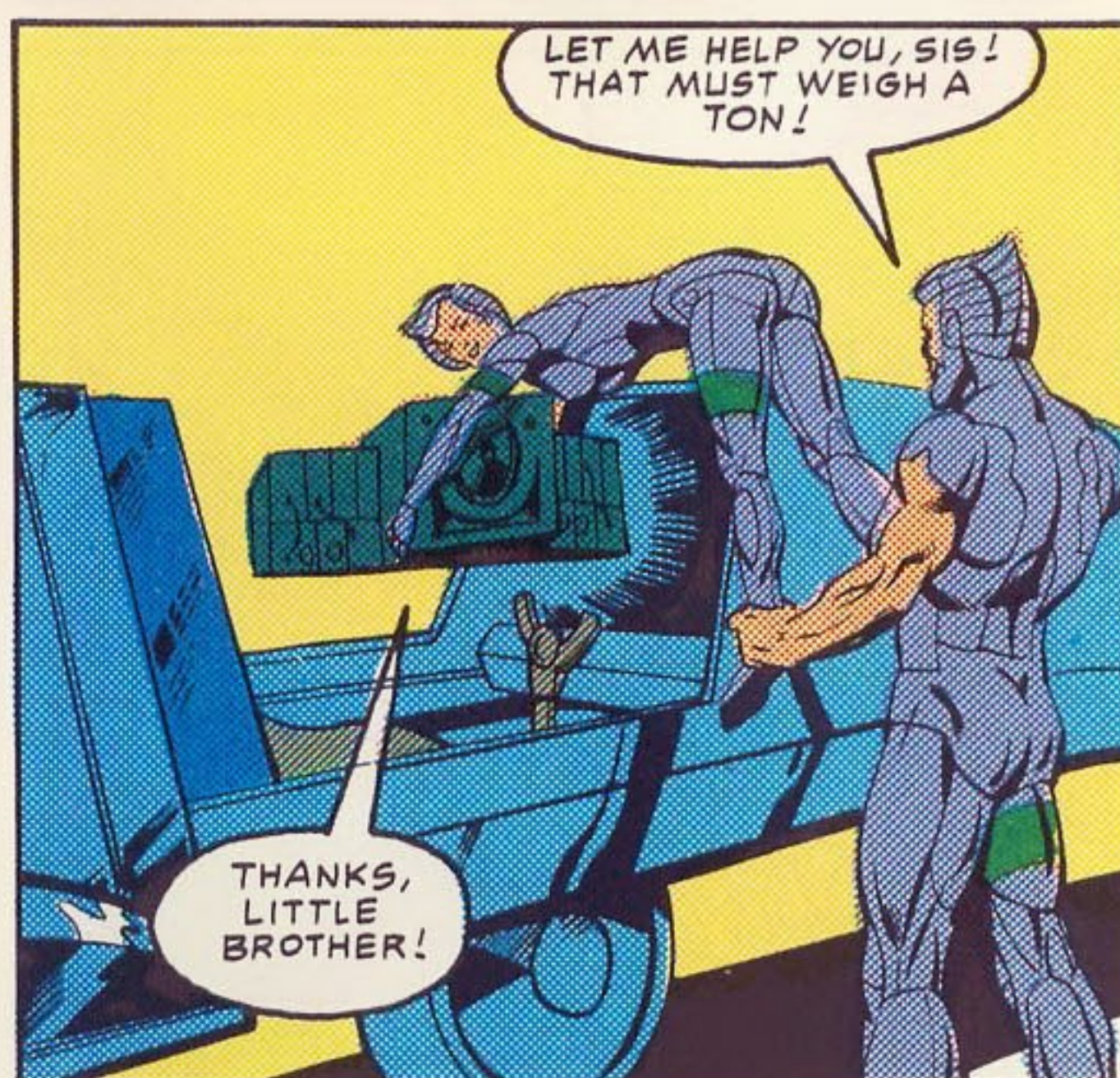
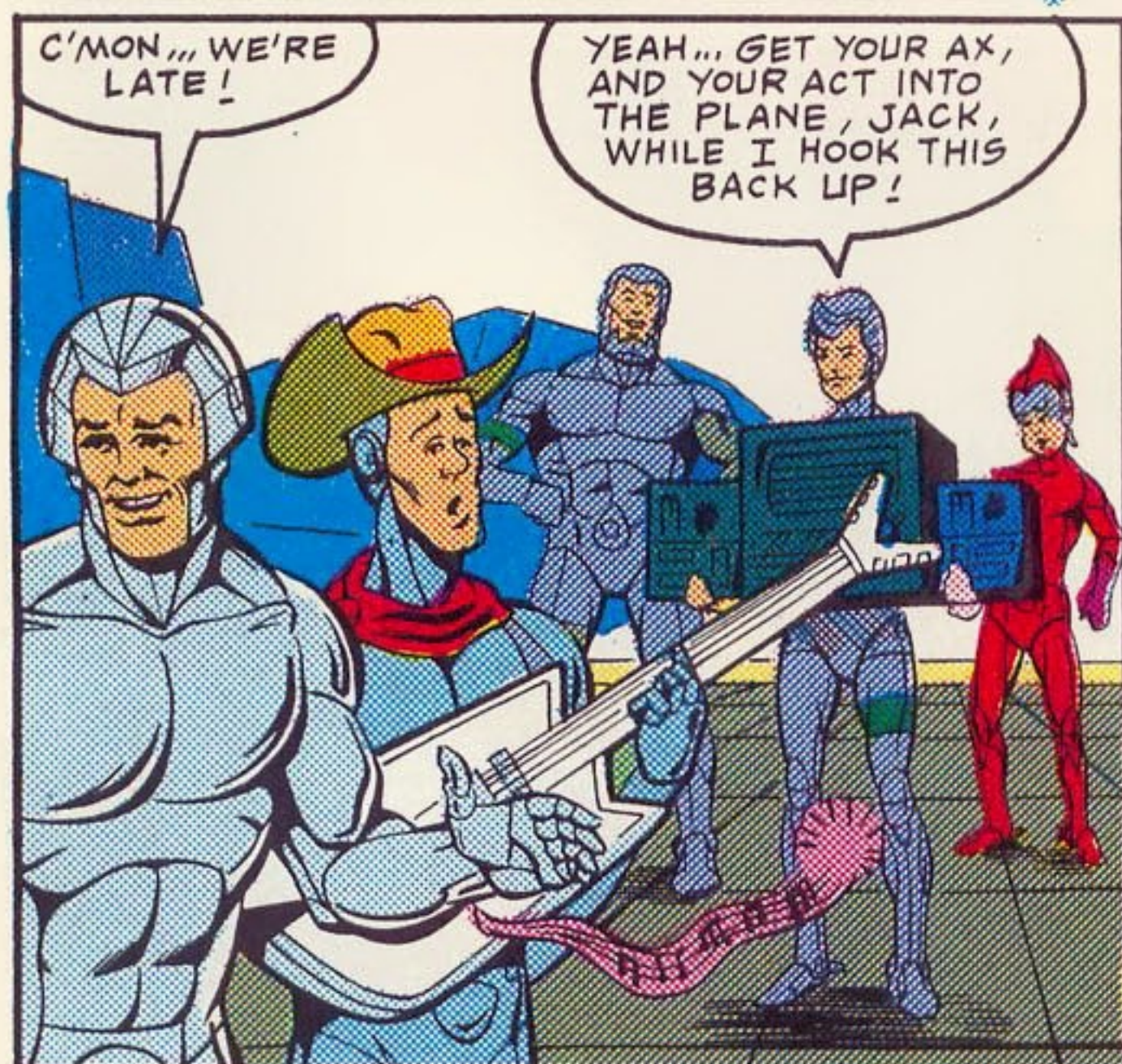
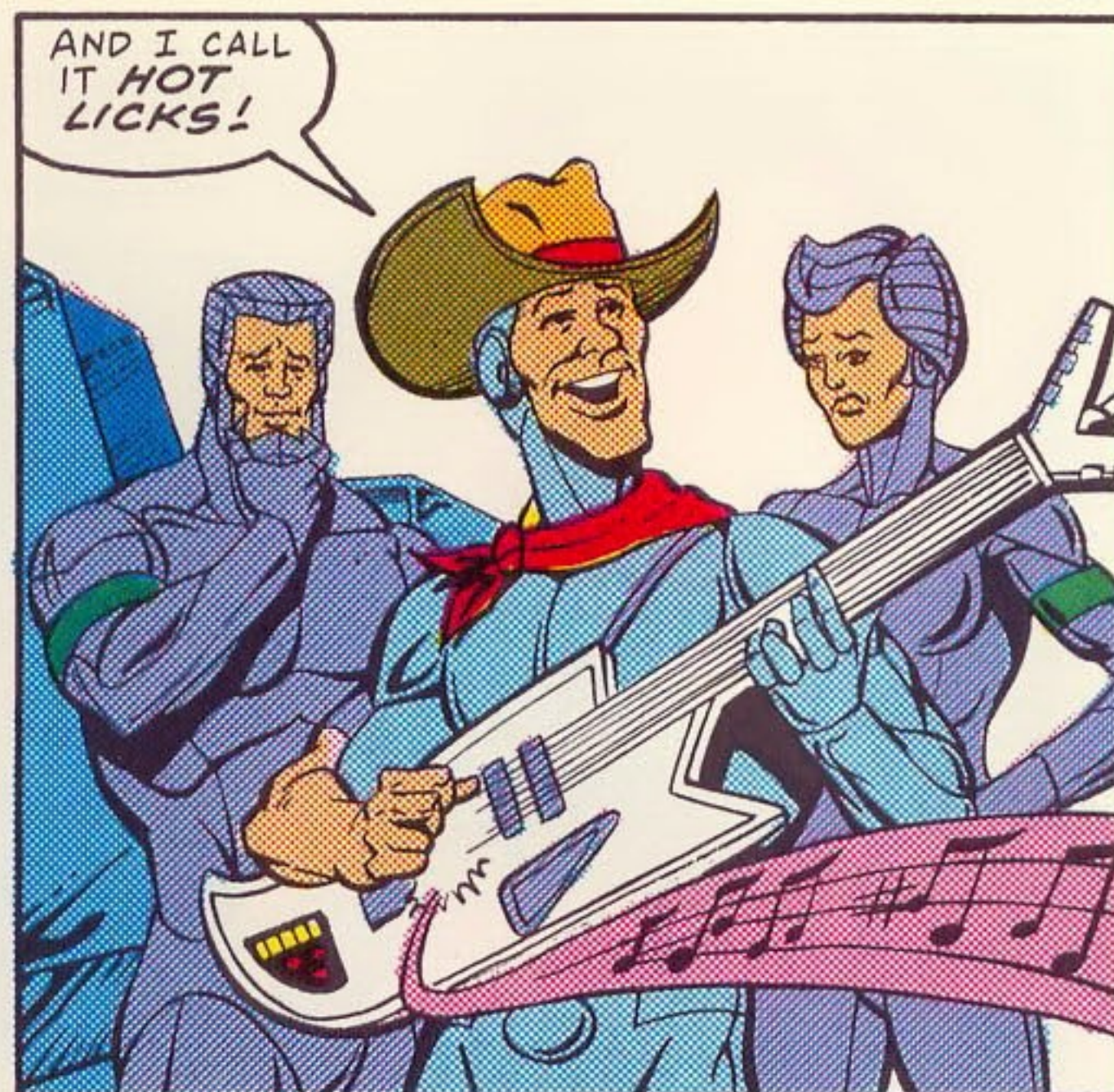
SilverHawks™

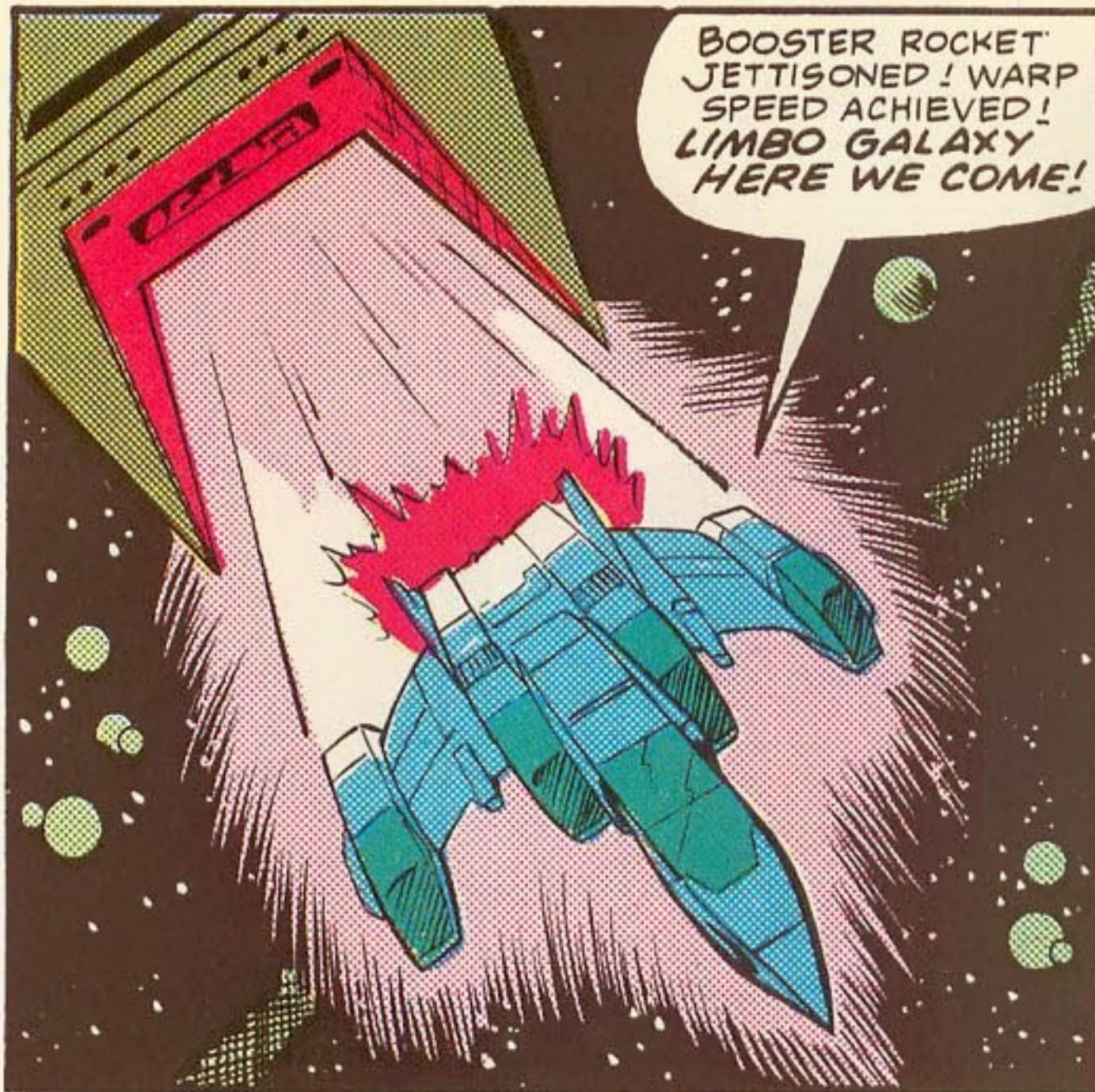
THE ORIGIN PART THREE

Art Mike Witherby and Jim Sanders III Lettering Jack Morelli Colour John Wellington

In the year 2839, the Silverhawks prepare to leave Earth to assist Commander Stargazer against the onslaught of Mon★star and his criminal mob. Before their departure, the team are introduced to the officials of the Interplanetary Federation.







BOOSTER ROCKET
JETTISONED! WARP
SPEED ACHIEVED!
LIMBO GALAXY
HERE WE COME!



TALK TO ME, HOT-
LICKS! GIVE ME A
RHYTHM-- I'LL
GIVE YOU THE
BLUES!

TIME STREAKS PAST
AS BLUEGRASS JAMS
HARDER THAN THE
G-FORCE PRESSURE
OF LIGHT-SPEED...



UNTIL...
THERE IT IS!
HOME FOR THE
NEXT FEW
CENTURIES!



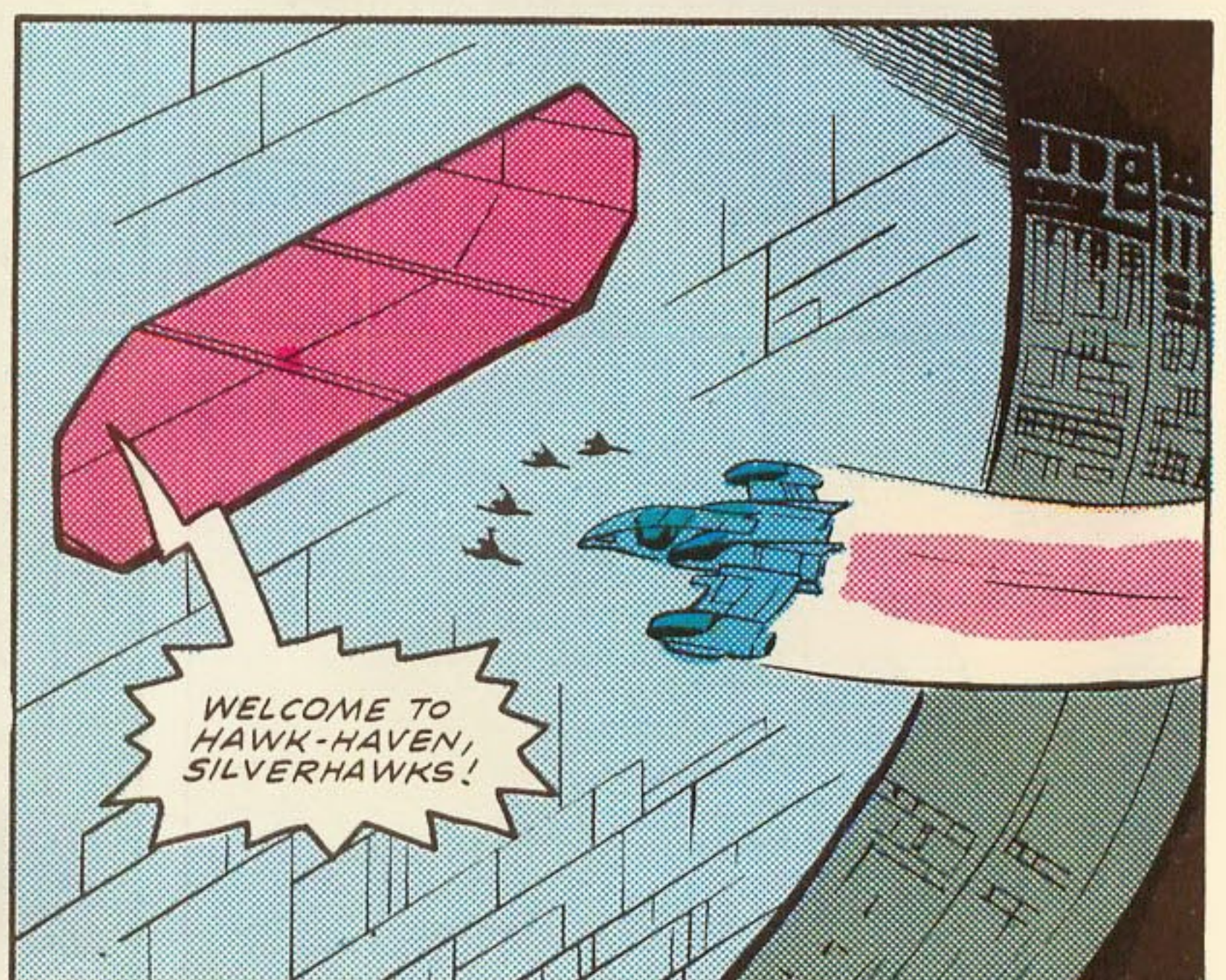
"HAWK-HAVEN!"

NINETY
SECONDS
TO
BREAK-
FAST!

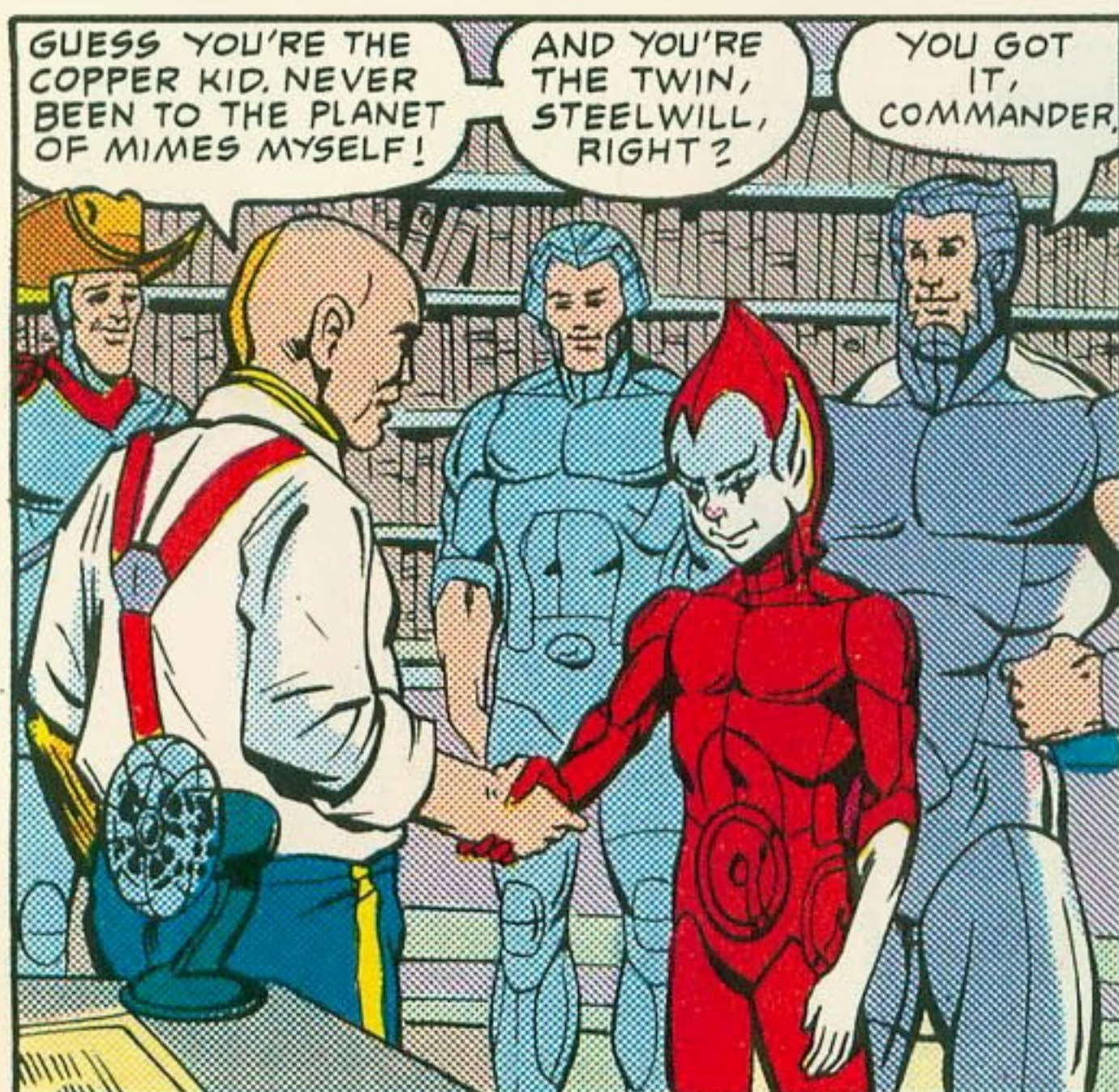
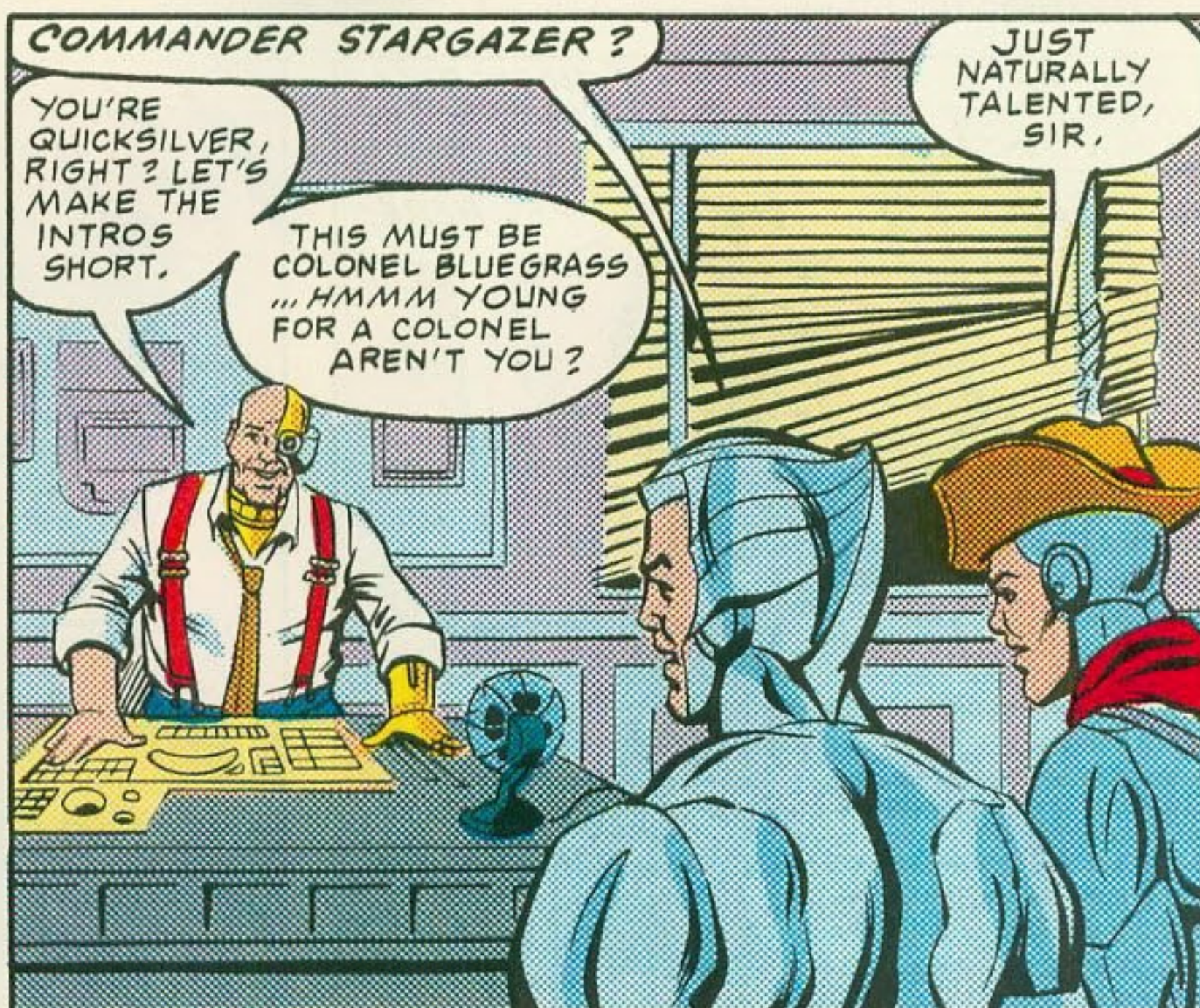
LET'S HOPE OUR
SPACE JOCKET
SITS OUT A SET
TO LAND!

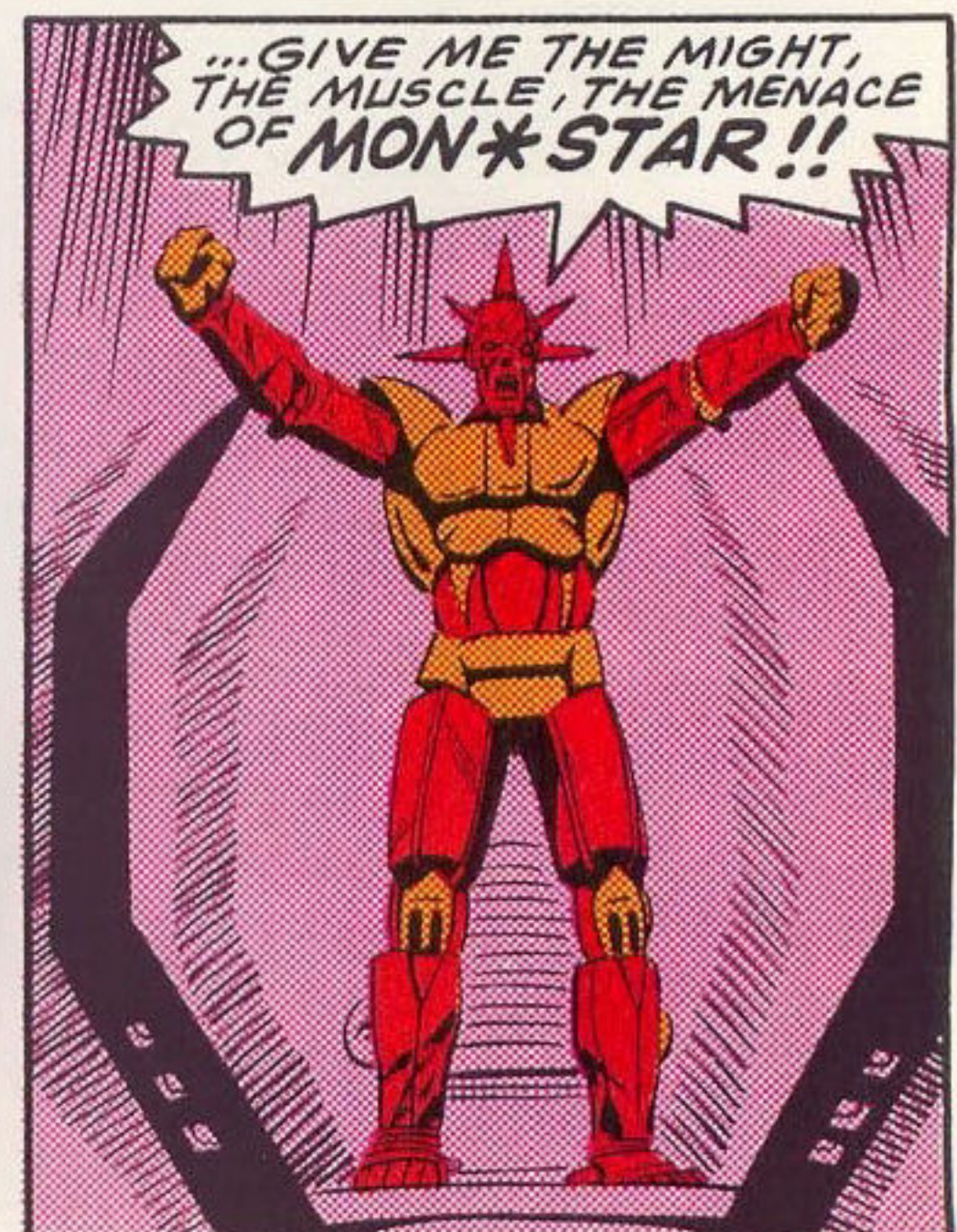
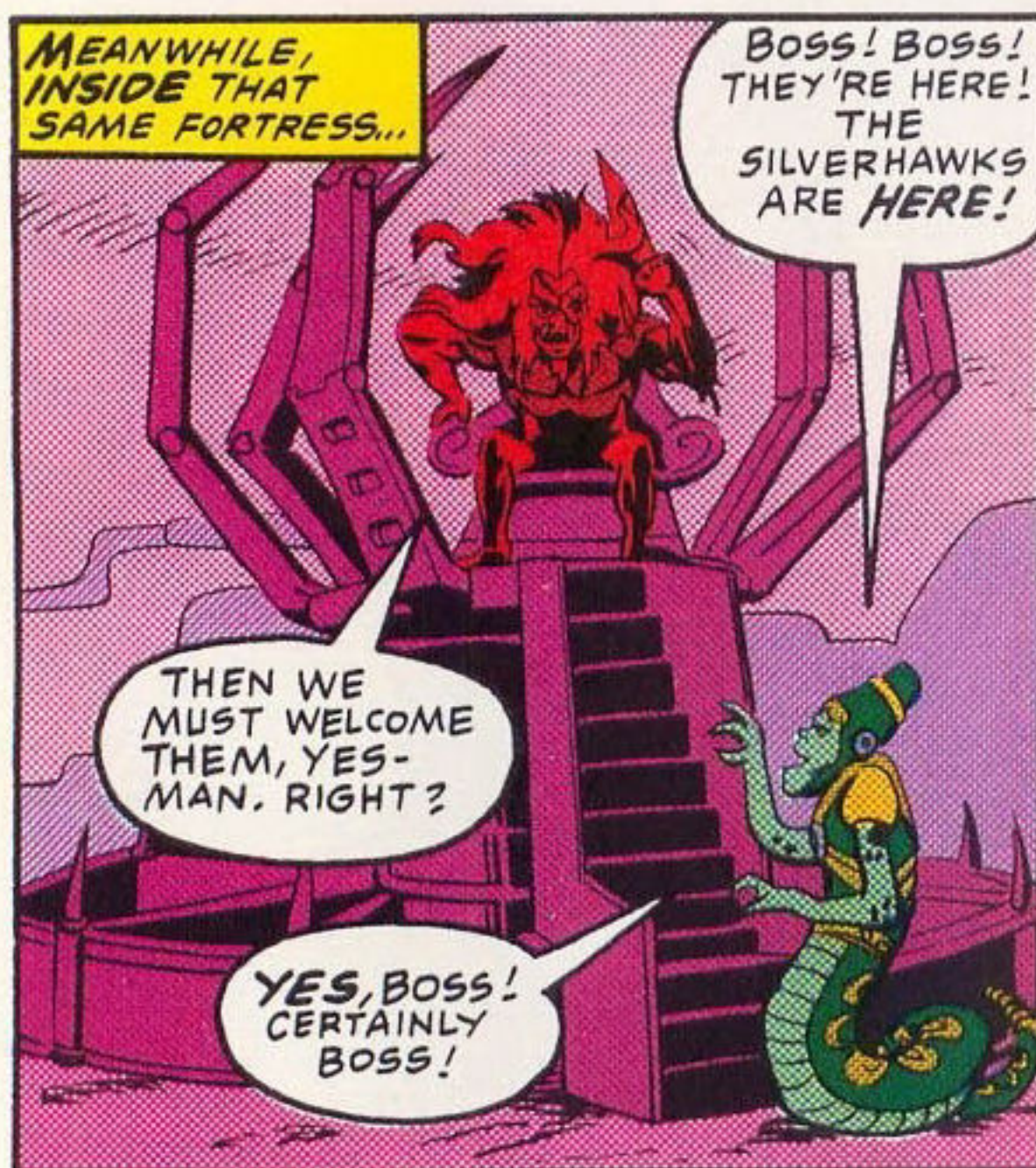
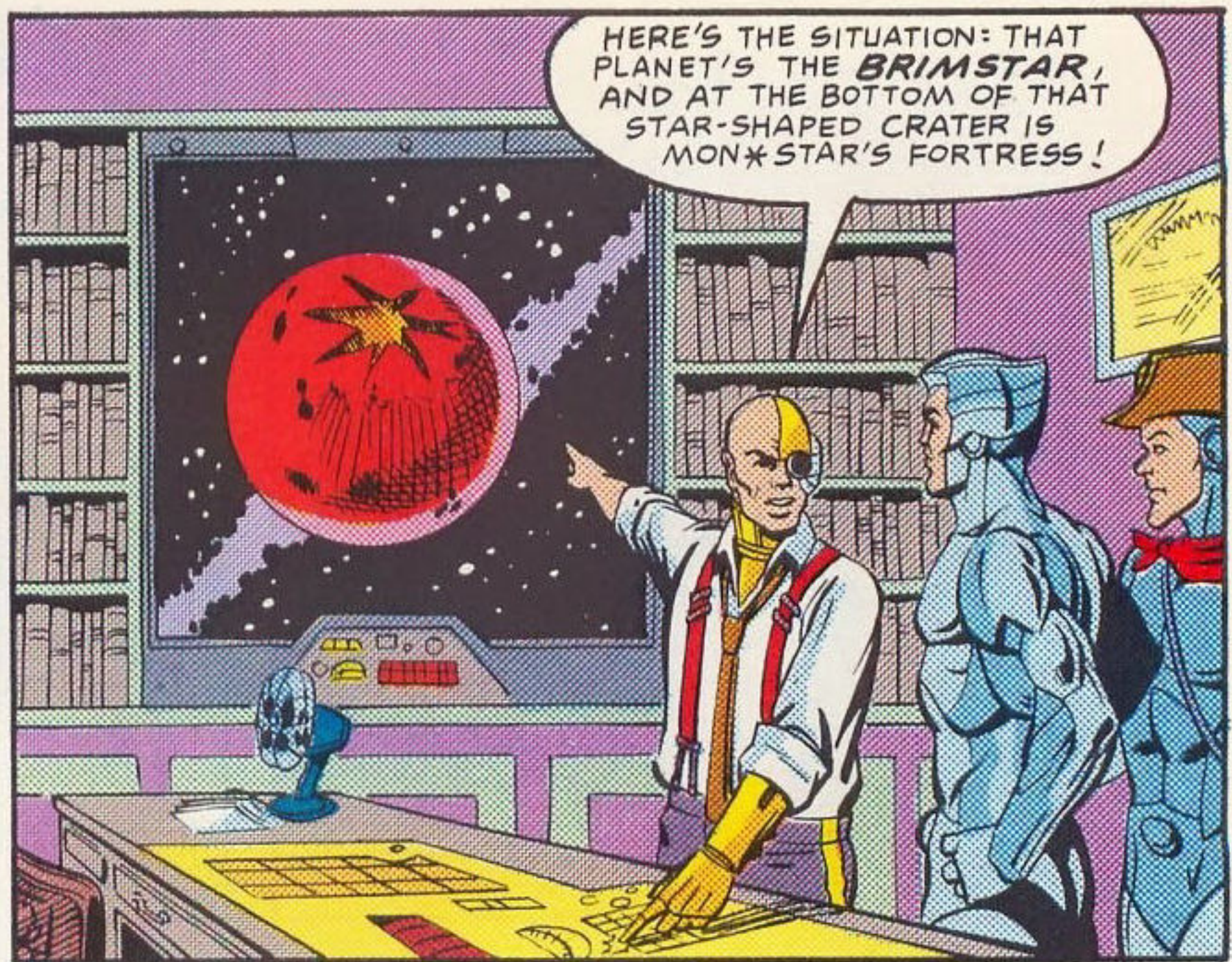


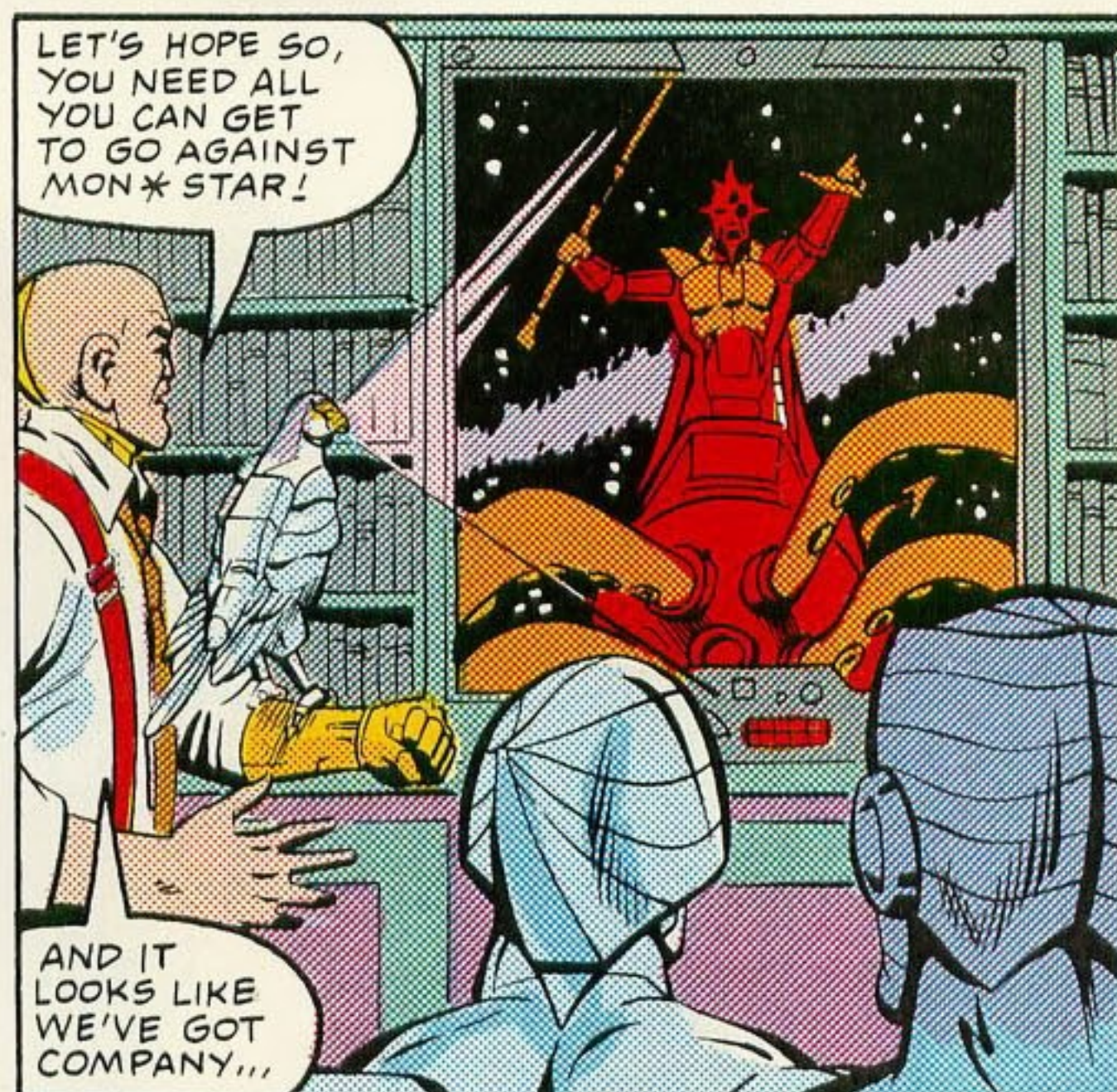
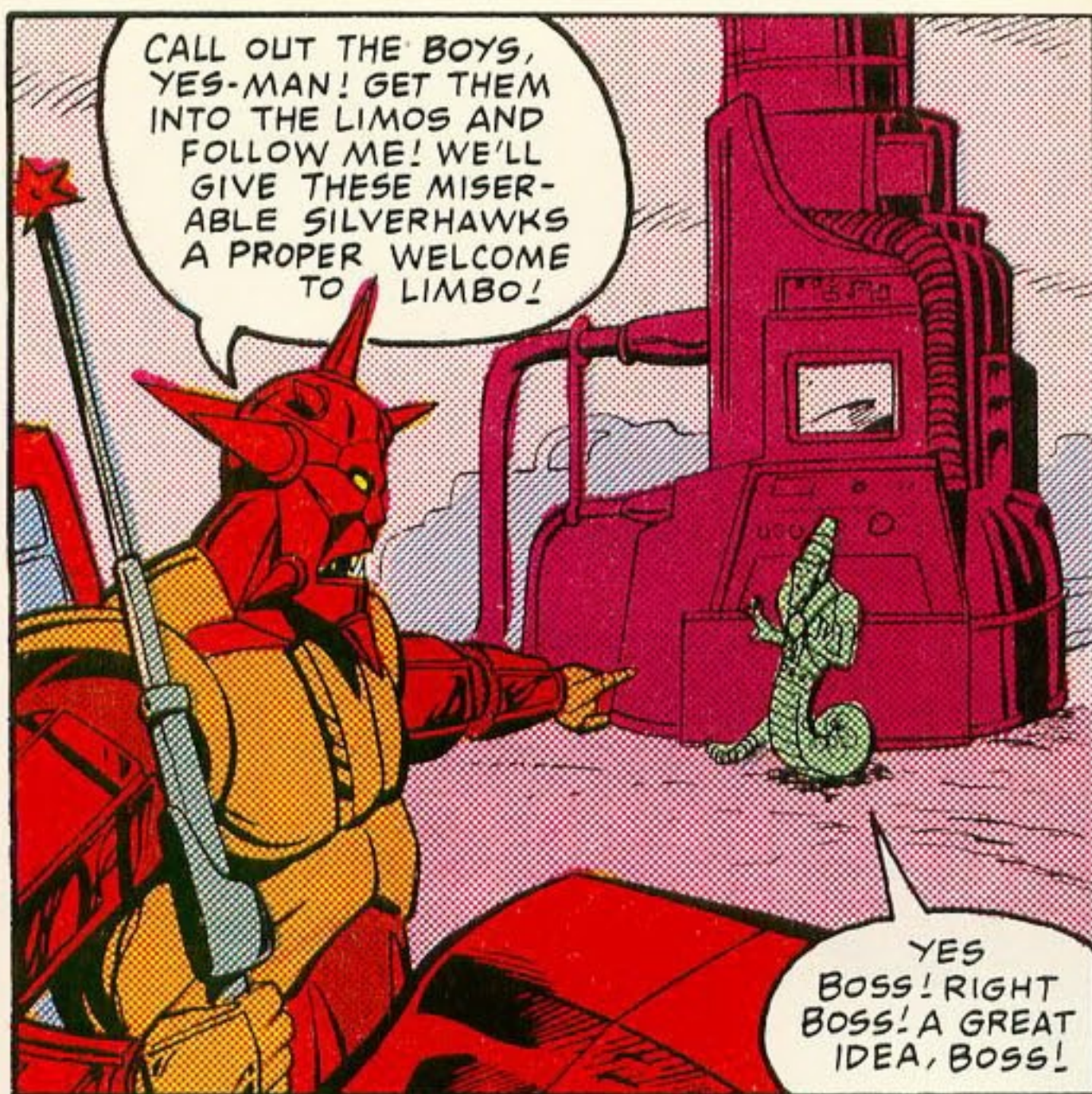
CARE TO
STRETCH
YOUR WINGS,
SILVER-
HAWKS?



WELCOME TO
HAWK-HAVEN,
SILVERHAWKS!







next
ACTION

**BRAKATA!
BRAKATA!**

MARVEL

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BATTLE
RIBBONS
& MINI-POSTER**

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